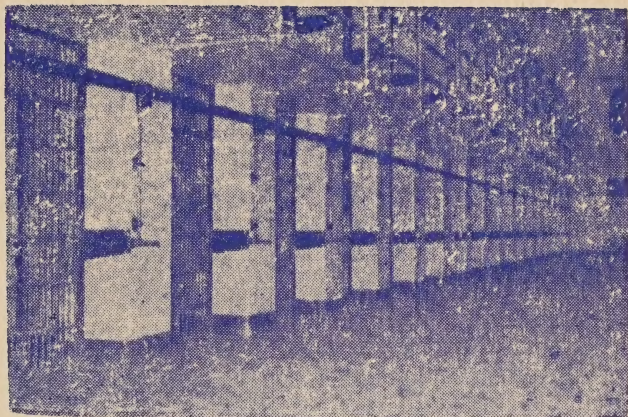


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where you live**

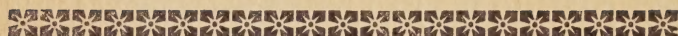


ECHOES



Volume 9 January 1960 Number 5

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MOUNTAIN ECHOES is published by the inmates of the Manitoba Penitentiary with the kind permission of Major-General R. B. Gibson, Commissioner of Penitentiaries. It is designed to provide inmates with an opportunity for self-expression and a medium for discussion of public problems, and in the interest of promoting useful thought and action within the institution.



No articles of a scurrilous or defamatory nature or in any way detrimental to the administration of justice will be published. The views expressed herein are not necessarily those of the administration or editorial staff.





Mountain Echoes



January 1960

Volume 9

No. 5

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... editorially

It is a never ceasing wonder to me, the intrepidity of the hope that springs from the human breast. Year after year, episode following episode, we constantly strive to better ourselves. At this time of year it is inevitable that we resolve to do better, alas, our so-well intended intentions often come to nil and yet, with the dawn of again a New Year we devise a ways and means whereby *THIS* year will be *THE* year and we shall follow our resolutions to the end.

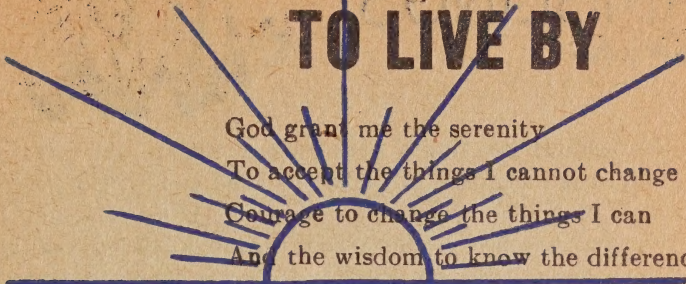
What has the making of resolutions to do with the individual? I would like to think a great deal. I think that at the beginning of a New Year we are inclined to see ourselves just a little more distinctly than we do when once well into the year, we seem to possess a perceptiveness at this time of the year which enables us to understand ourselves just a little more fully. Perhaps we are more prone to admit our faults because there remains stretched ahead of us, a full year in which to make good our intentions. We need not scrimp or allot the time element, there is much of it in the future, a whole year untouched and unsullied.

No matter what has happened in the past year, or years, if you will, we can look to the future saying, "Well, I can see where I erred in the past, that shall not occur again!" And, it's a nice feeling to be able to say that to oneself. It is a feeling almost like being reborn and in a way it is.

The most staunch of resolutions have a great deal to contend with, the frailties of humans being what they are, but the fact remains it is a New Year and we hope we make our "Honest Injin" and "Cross My Heart 'nd Spit" resolutions, hoping for the best. And I wonder if the important thing is not so much whether we keep the resolutions or if there is more significance in the fact that we admit our defects and see a need to rectify them. It is a very difficult thing for one to admit to himself or herself that they are not quite what they would have the world believe they are. Yet, that is what one must do when one makes up a list of resolutions that will no doubt take some living up to. So maybe it is more important that the recognition be made rather than worry too much about the rigidity in which these resolutions are held in obedience.

To those who make no resolutions I have little respect, for I would indeed appreciate meeting such a one since I have faults to spare. Whether my resolutions for this New Year will come to aught or naught only time will tell and, very likely, next year I will find myself compiling a new set but I do feel assured that the red side of the ledger will be balanced by the black. It's not such a bad old world after all, is it? And after all, *it is* a New Year.....(30)

A PRAYER TO LIVE BY



God grant me the serenity
To accept the things I cannot change
Courage to change the things I can
And the wisdom to know the difference.

"God Grant Me The Serenity" — — how many times in the past months I have repeated those five words! Being in an institution such as this seems to bring out the worst in most of us, but those remaining few who are trying their utmost to achieve and maintain a more virtuous way of life find themselves constantly repeating the prayer symbolic of A. A.

Before entering this institution, I had never heard the serenity prayer. Having once heard it, I immediately adapted it to my own situation. From the first line of the prayer, let us take the word "Serenity". We know the meaning of Serenity is calmness. To be Serene is to be calm or quiet. How can we possibly be calm at such a time in our lives as this? Simply by continuing to the next line of the prayer! "To accept the things we cannot change". None of us I'm sure have chosen to be here, however, here we are and we must accept it as it is, the good with the bad.

This is where attending the regular A.A. meetings has greatly helped me and many others. We learn that we can call on a Higher Power and obtain the serenity which is so necessary to us. It isn't easy to smile sweetly to someone you would like to hit over the head with a baseball bat.

"Courage to change the things I can." Not much can be said on this line for as long as we are here, we are unable to change a thing. However, we do have sufficient time to alter our thoughts so that when we leave here we will have more understanding and tolerance toward our fellow man.

"Wisdom to know the difference." The last line of the Serenity Prayer is truly one to ponder. How many of us there must be in institutions throughout the country, who are in such a place because we didn't have the wisdom to know the difference? We all like to feel that we are a bit above the normal in intelligence, so where did we fail? Speaking for myself and myself alone, I know now how I failed. I felt I was above reproach. Anything I did was not to be questioned. Nothing like this would ever be done to me. You see, I was getting such an "Ego Inflation" that something like this was bound to happen. When I leave here I know that when I begin to see my old "Ego Inflation" returning, I will attend an A.A. meeting. As it has done for me, let these five words, "God Grant Me The Serenity," do for you. Let them be your guide.

(reprint--New Life, A.A. Publication)

RAMBLINGS

Slippery Syd



I started this here column out talkin' about a sandwich of one sorter another. Bein' as how I'm of unsound mind 'nd such I decided as how I'd maybe delete it, sorta. Anyways, it ain't here nomore, no how! I'm more of a mind to think along the lines of a juicy steak er a plump roast chicken rather than somethin' so all fired pitiful as a lousy little sandwich! It ain't that I'm greedy er sech, It' jest when I set out to dreamin' about food I believe in goin' whole hog as it were. There really ain't much sense in a man starvin' himself in his dreams, now is there? I think maybe as how I've jest about got the deleted sanwdich part made up fer, so to speak.

Speakin' as we were, about food, it reminds me of the time I was told that I sure enough did hve a most all fired peculiar appetite. The way it come about was that I had jest recently returned from a rather long vacation. Matter of fact it was somethin' like five years long 'nd it wasn't what you'd a real, honest to goodness, enjoyable vacation! Anyways, I come trampin' into the house with two boxes of nice, big, red strawberries 'nd two pints of cream. I say as how as maybe we can get 'em on the table for dinner.

Well, sure enough come dinner, there's my strawberries floatin' in that there cream! They're set out real pretty like, in a big fancy glass bowl that's parked square in the middle of the table. Now, I'm here to tell you as how there jest ain't nothin' prettier like than big, rosy red strawberries afloatin' about in nice rich cream! Comes dessert time 'nd I scoop me out a powerful big pile of 'em 'nd start livin' it up!

What brought on this here business of me havin' a peculiar appetite was when I digs out this here bottle of mine that was full of some kind of golden liquid. It said somethin' on the label about it bein' made in Scotland, I think. To tell the truth I wasn't any too interested in where at it was made. Like I say, I yanks this bottle outta my pocket 'nd pours a wee bit into a glass, well, truth to tell, it was a wee bit more'u a wee bit! I offers it 'round, me bein' hospitable 'nd all, but for some reason er another they ain't got no interest in it. When I start scoopin' strawberries 'nd ice cream with one hand 'nd gulpin' this here Scotland stuff with the other, well, they like to a died! There was some sort of a remark about as how they had jest about seen everythin'!

Me I'm still goin' about tryin' to figure out how come they figured me as havin' a peculiar appetite 'nd all. They blended jest perfectly! 'Course, it wasn't too long before I was fergettin' about them there strawberries 'nd concentratin' on beautiful old Scotland! As said before, there jest ain't nothin' prettier than a bottle of Scotland stuff floatin' 'round in a bowlful of cream. Nosiree, there sure enough ain't! Hie!

CLINT

COMMENTS

Bob Clint

I firmly agree with Father Flannagan, the founder of "Boy's Town," in his statement "sending a youth to reform school is the surest way to make him a confirmed criminal!"

After reading the autobiography of this great man I am strongly inclined to think that with only a few more men of his calibre in this world, this old earth we are living on would indeed be a much happier place.

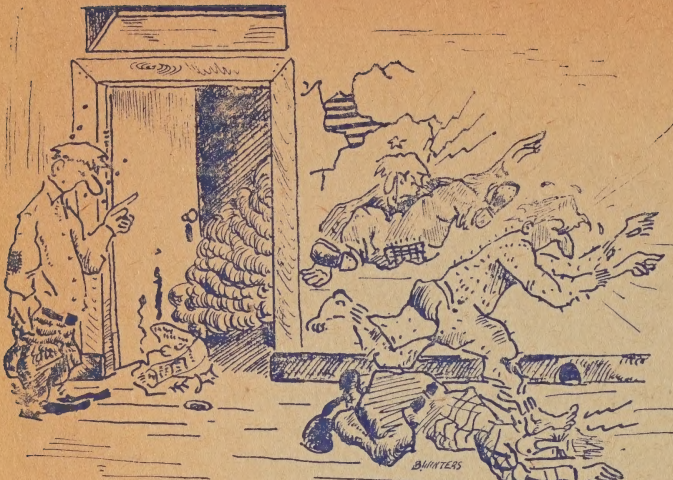
Father Flannagan let no obstacle stand in his way when he was doing good, it did not matter if he was making an honest citizen of an eight and a half year old bank robber and hold-up artist, establishing a hotel for destitute men or standing in a courtroom, defending a nine year old "killer" who had killed his playmate while playing with a gun they had found in a discarded coat! The good Father was truly a lover of Christ and man, he did more for humanity in his lifetime, as far as the rehabilitation of juvenile delinquents and the caring for the homeless, loveless and orphaned children is concerned, than any other man in history with one exception, that of Jesus Christ himself.

This man founded a town whose population was entirely made up of boys, maintained by boys with a boy mayor, boy banker, business men and trades people were boys, inclusive was a Police Department also under the guiding hand of children.

Father Flannagan took hundreds of boys out of the hands of the authorities of so-called "Homes For Boys," many of these "orphanage shacks" were more like prisons than homes! He gave these lads a chance to become decent law abiding citizens of this "Boys Town" where unjust treatment was unheard of.

There are cases I could relate but these are too numerous to mention here and each one of them is amazing in itself, cases of Father Flannagan's success with children who were guilty of matricide and patricide, and of others whose offences were as equally serious. It took a man of great understanding and patience to mould honest citizens from such children as these.

I would suggest that those of you that read this should read also the story of Father Flannagan's life, if you should I am sure you will find satisfaction in the knowledge that such a great man has lived in our lifetime. It is unfortunate the taxpayers of Canada cannot see the wisdom in the creation of such a center, where young offenders can be helped rather than hindered in their formative years. It is of more use to the country, as a whole, to teach rather than impeach, and there is no doubt that with such a system for juvenile offenders there would not be such a high number of these youngsters in our jails and penitentiaries.



'TWIXT THE CUP AND THE LIP

B Winters

During the past while there has been a great deal of controversy concerning the sale and disposal of alcoholic beverages. The newspapers have been having a field day with the pros and cons of this latest liquor probe. The participants in this verbal and moralistic battle are many and varied. There are those who advocate mixed drinking; another band of intrepid crusaders decry the comfortable parlors and wish to banish the age-old custom of "treating" one's friends while indulging. Then there are those of the stove-pipe toppers and "Carrie Nation" idealisms, with their little hatchets who abandon all hope for those who enter the Bacchanalian cesspools of our decadent civilization. It is not for me to say who is right or wrong, but the whole affair serves to remind me of an episode (and the participants) that took place some years ago.

There were three of them involved. Real dyed-in-the-wool boozers! Alex the youngest of the trio had a penchant for lemon extract. He explained that his mother had been frightened by a baker shortly before his birth. "Newfy" so-called because of his home-land and the fact that he had been weaned on that potent "schreech" brewed reverently by his kin-folks on that isle of spuds. The "old-timer," Stan was the guiding hand of the trio of renegades and since the time where-in this incident occurred, and that I am about to relate, Stan has passed on, having succumbed after a losing bout with a can of hydraulic fluid. Strange to say, even though they had different tastes, they all agreed that shaving lotion made a fine drink, "because it makes a guy smell so nice."

It might be well to let you know that we, at this particular mining camp, had learned through experience, that it did not pay to leave hair-tonic, liniment or shaving lotion about unprotected since one of these characters would surely "liberate" it! One incident which bore out this fact was the time that six or seven of us were sittin' around a poker table. We'd been there since early evening and it was now about four a. m. The game had broken up for a breather and it was rather quiet in the large room. Suddenly our attention was drawn to a commotion out in the hall-way, where quite audibly, could be heard a lot of chuckling and now and again a loud guffaw!

Wondering what was wrong I peered out in the hall. There were our three conspiritors in a very unsteady and weavy huddle. I might add that, previously during the long evening our little game had been interrupted by these three, singly and in force in attempts to purchase a bottle of lotion from a doughty Finn, Arnie,

who resided in a room across the hall from the game room. They had pleaded, cajoled and finally threatened Arnie with dire consequences but he had remained adamant and had refused to part with his "losson." Since their entreaties had come to naught they called the wrath of the gods on Arnie's head and had then departed, their very souls vanquished. Now it was apparent that they had a new plan.

Motioning the gang to silence I edged nearer to the muttering trio. I was able to catch only a smattering of the conversation but I heard the words "fire, lotion . . . door . . ." Thinking that they might set the place on fire we decided to keep an eye on them. The huddle finally broke up and Stan gathered an armful of old newspapers and proceeded to crumble them in a pile at the bottom of Arnie's door. Sidling up to Stan I enquired as to what he was doing. My reply, if it could be called that, was a bleary-eyed and knowing wink!

Having arranged the pile to his liking he slowly bent to ignite the damp paper. As the paper began to smoulder Stan reached up and shoved open the transom above the door and began wafting the smoke inside the room. After a moment the other two stalwarts began clomping up and down the hallway in their over-size brogans, hollering and screaming: "Fire . . . Fire . . . Fire . . .!" The commotion was terrific, and Stan added to the turmoil by pounding on the door and the wall of Arnie's room!

What happened next was truly wonderful to behold! Arnie's door burst open and out charged Arnie! Clad only in a pair of union suiters! Which is not a figure of speech, for he indeed wore two pair in the winter and one in the summer! Out he surged! Baggy knees and back door flapping, looking neither right nor left as he made for the fire exit at the end of the hallway! Ahollering and awhooping, he bowled over both Alex and Newfy. While this was going on Stan quickly entered Arnie's room and soon came out clutching the large bottle of Aqua Pura fondly to his breast! By this time the onlookers were convulsed with laughter. The other two lotion-nappers picked themselves up and the three of them took off in the opposite direction from Arnie.

Shortly after, a shaken and puffy eyed Arnie returned from the outside looking bewildered and as though his faith in human nature would never again be the same.

As previously stated, Stan has since passed on and though I was not present at his funeral I have been told his was a beautiful service. Perhaps it was better that Stan did not live to see and hear this latest hubbub concerning alcoholic beverages for it would have left him a broken man! Stan's casket, I am told, was not of the conventional variety. It was somewhat deeper due to the fact that Stan's left leg was permanently bent from the old days of the stand-up bars and foot-rests! When it was lowered to rest it bore the stamp of approval and was sealed with the Liquor Control Board's excise stamp. The resting place was dug only four by four because after all, it was only a short bier. . .

It takes two to make a fight. Nonsense! I've been
fighting with myself all my life.

XMAS CONCERT

By D. Windsor

As the strains of "Anchors Aweigh" filtered over the Protestant Chapel, the inmates of Stony Mountain, were being prepared for the annual, all inmate Christmas concert of 1959. Once again, Ray Fortier did a masterful job of producing, directing and m.c'ing the show and, I might add, he deserves any and all credit bestowed upon him. We thank him and the members of the cast for a terrific job done under unnatural conditions.

Yogi started the ball rolling with "Rock A Beatin' Boogie" followed by "Why Do I Cry Over You" and "Hot Dog Buddy Buddy." Nine months ago this young but talented person, couldn't read a note of music, let alone play an Alto-Sax but today, he did a masterful job. Backing Yogi was Ken Marcino on Piano, Ken Bevins on Drums, Monty on Bass, G. Desrosier on Guitar, and "Troy" Cooper on Electric Guitar. As these fellows were stomping out the four rock 'n roll numbers I could see one corner of the roof lift. Believe me!

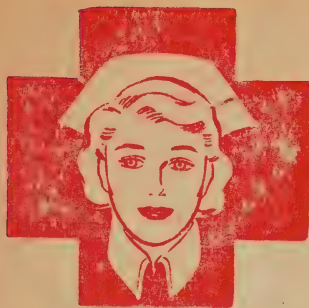
From the fabulous Arlington Plaza, on Market Square in Winnipeg, we were fortunate indeed to have with us, Miss Relaxation of 1959. "Her" one and only number "I Enjoy Being A Girl" proved to one and all that "she" certainly believes what "she" sings. Although no five o'clock shadow was evident (courtesy of the Oxford Blade company) the audience had the suspicion that they had viewed this Miss Relaxation earlier. And they were right! Ray Fortier had, once again directed his talents to the art of pantomime, I might add that this was his "first."

It's not often I have the pleasure of listening to a group sing, as I did to-day. Four fellows calling themselves the Four Axes, consisting of Ken Bevins singing bass, Pete Reimer - baritone, "Big" Bob McKinney - tenor. Yogi singing lead with the very capable backing of Troy Cooper on electric Guitar, really went to the hearts of the audience with their renditions of "Good News", "Honey Bunch" "Rag Mop" and my favorite "In The Still Of The Night." Without taking anything away from previous groups, I personally feel that this is the best quartet the Mountain has had in sometime. Considering that these fellows have only been practicing together for a week, they did an excellent job.

They say "old soldiers never die" which is certainly true in the case of "Ancient" Archie Berryman who is truly a soldier of the old school. Out of the past, this afternoon, came a genuine tap-dancing routine. It was something to behold to see "Ancient" Arch (over 25 and under 65) giving out with the tic-tac-toes. A very creditable job, Arch, to an art that is nearly extinct.

Ben, with an organ solo of "Dark Eyes", "O Holy Night", "The Man I Love" and "Tenderly", brought back many nostalgic memories of the outside and home. When the soft strains of O Holy Night filtered over and above the audience, you couldn't hear the music; only feel it. I think that is the closest to to a picture I can get. For isn't one picture worth 10,000 words?

To those members of the cast I've failed to mention Bob Kolega - accordion, P. Severight - vocal, D. McManus - vocal, A. Lilley on maracas and L. Heals - technician, I would like to Thank each of you for a commendable job. We certainly appreciate your efforts.



RED CROSS CLINIC

INMATES BELATED CHRISTMAS GIFT

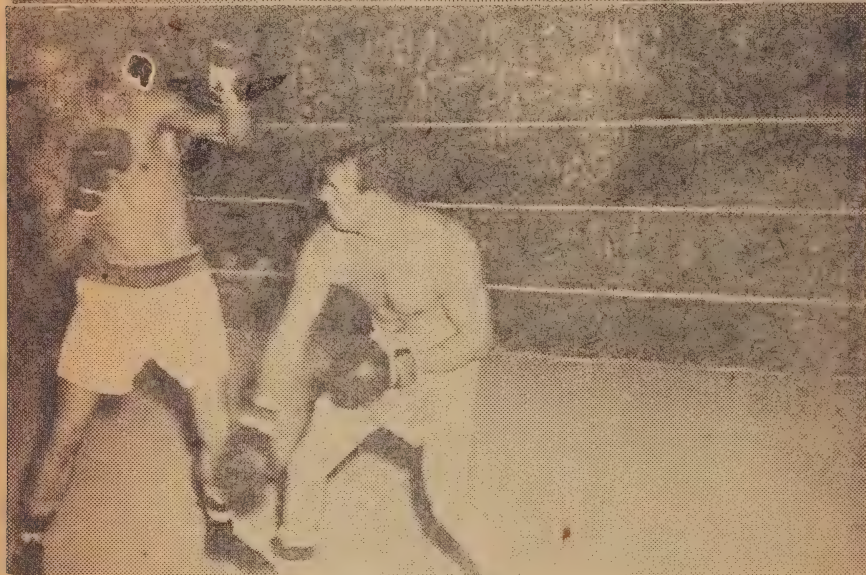
G. Madden

Late by a couple of days, two hundred and eight men nevertheless sent the only gift they are allowed to send to the 'free world' — a small amount of blood via the services of the Red Cross Mobile Blood Donor Unit.

Arriving here on December 29th for their third and final clinic for 1959, the Red Cross were greeted by 208 donors who are always glad they can help keep the Blood-Bank filled. Due to the time of year and the constant need of the Red Cross to keep hospitals supplied, most of the donors shrugged their donation off with "and a Happy New Year to whoever needs it." How true their words! If the bank is not kept filled quite a number of unfortunates won't ever greet another New Year and if newspaper reports are to be believed, not enough people both here and 'outside' realize the great need for regular donors that exists.

Mr. G. Fearnell, of the Red Cross, and Dr. N. Bowden, penitentiary physician, supervised the Clinic. In charge of the team was Esther Dufault and the following young ladies were assisting her: Ann Choma, Mona Giet, Eliz Garsen, Lillian Haller, Dawn Saunders, Elsie Klippenstien, Annalena Koswaski, Mary Alyce Lanoie, Pearl Wylie, Dedrie Peterson, and S. Rutledge. The warm smiles and cherry "Hello's" of these ladies makes each visit a meeting of friends.

To all the inmates who lent a hand during the afternoon, the ECHOES extends a "Thanks fellows, it was appreciated." The next clinic is in April. Could we raise the number of donations to 300? Yes we can if we only think of the other guy.



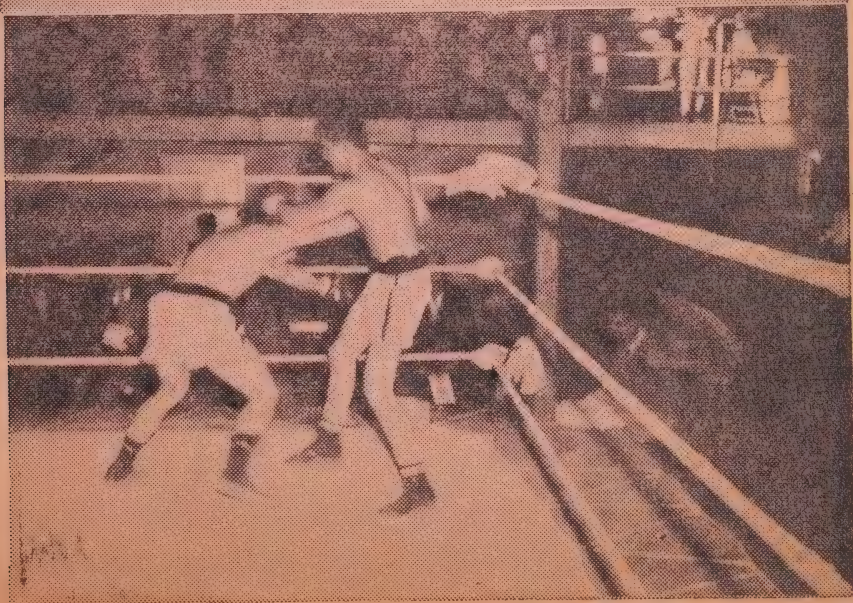
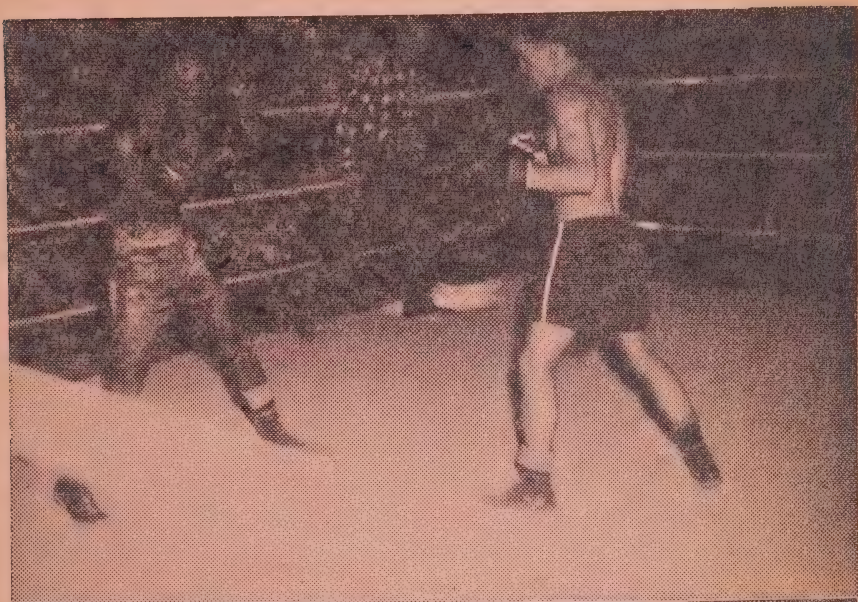
BOXING

Top Picture. . . (left to right) Two real Pier Sixers with their respective Trainers. "Ozark" Whiteley, George Turner, "Terrible" Tony Trobec and "Red" Saunders.

Bottom Picture. . . The new Middle-weight Champion Detonnancourt casts a wary eye on right hand that looks as tho' Birdy brought it from 'way out in left field!

Top Picture. . . A split-second pause in an action packed bout **shows** Berryman readying himself for another flurry of punches that Bobby Horan seemed to have an unlimited supply of. Referee Trojack is seen in the background.

Bottom Picture. . . Showing Jimmy Dandy and "Moe" Phillion mixing it up. The taller of the two, Dandy, is to the right. This was the "Fight Of The Day"





"It Seems To Me....."

Richie Richardson

...that somehow or another we have managed to struggle through another year in and on this old world of ours without some-one blowing it to bots! Now the only way to tell an optimist from a pessimist is to count the number of nuclear war-heads he has, or hasn't!

...that we in Canadian penitentiaries should be allowed to write more than the present four letters a month. Society sentenced us to prison not only to punish but also to rehabilitate and so to learn to live with other people. I recently read in the Beacon (Dorchester Pen.) where an inmate in Leavenworth (U.S.A. Pen.) wrote some 234 letters to his wife in 240 days. What better way to keep alight the fire of love and affection? To write that many letters up thisaway would entail serving some four years and ten months. Nuff said!

...that Fidel Castro is beginning to feel the pinch, same as Batista did, I reckon. Those hot-blooded Latins shore do play rough! Could be they have a pain in the back, though, they just don't sit around and cry about hard times!

...that even an avid Winnipeg sports fan like Massa Jawhn Essaw is going to have a tough time making a contender out of the Warriors! It also looks as though "our" own Wheat Kings may put up too much of an argument about who goes hunting the Memorial Cup. Could be a dark year for the 'Peg's contenders, but then Jawhn, Brandon is still after revenge in retaliation for that upset by Montreal.....'way back some ten years ago!

...that maybe the reason the Federal Government doesn't want to raise the wages of the Civil Servants, and can't help the unemployment problem, is because of the white elephant called the "Dew Line"! Recently I read a report written by the foremost radar expert in the country which said the entire line was obsolete before it was completed! Must be an awful hole in the National Budget after spending 250 million dollars on those glamorized bird roosts!

...all this recent publicity given the T. V. investigations has substantiated my claim that there is some larceny in the best of us! It just happens, I suppose that those of us in prisons have a greater degree of this larceny, though sometimes I wonder.....maybe we're just unfortunate in that we were caught!!!

...that the elders of the City of Winnipeg have again set a new low in their last display of thriftiness! The Winnipeg Blue Bombers, the greatest football squad to bring an untold amount of publicity and revenue to the Gateway of the West, apparently doesn't rate a banquet according to these ever so money-conscious aldermen! I wonder how deep Mayor Juba had to dig into his own pocket in order to represent this fair city? Imagine! One hundred and fifty dollars for expenses! Haw!!! I s'pose we shouldn't chide these oh-so well meaning aldermen tho, after all they do have to keep an eye on the City expense account! Don't suppose the impending pay raise for these aldermen has anything to do with it? D'ya s'pose? The "Last of the Big-time Spenders" ! Winnipeg the penurious!

.. that Massa Jawhn did a bang-up job in his coverage of the "Grey Cup" proceedings et. al. And thanks for the plug Johnny!

...that Joey Smallwood should be advised that one of his "subjects" is being held here, "Oim a prisoner o' war, 'Oi sez!" So spake "Newfy." While Joe E. Smallwood suffers from attacks, frontal and from all sides, this loyal son of that palm-studded (so "Newfy" tells me) isle remains staunchly beside him. I have even heard talk of secession by "Newfy" if his appeals are not soon answered!

...that some of these "country club" Exponents make it their business to investigate, more fully, the conditions existing in penal institutions. Yeh! It's real jolly! But with a sense of humor such as is possessed by Major Smith one would be only too happy to share such conditions that we now have in our "country club". I'm sure we could be very happy together, I mean like real togetherness!

...that this just about raps it np for this brand-new month of January; so 'till next month 'Bye B.

The Editor and Staff of the "Echoes" would like to take this opportunity to thank the management of the WALLINGFORD PRESS, Winnipeg, Man. for their very generous donation of assorted types and lead spacings. A magnanimous gesture which is very much appreciated. Once again, we THANK YOU WALLINGFORD PRESS!

LEN ANDREE SHOW

Top Picture. . . Don Peters at the mike with a portion of the "Shadows" in the background. A very pleasing vocalist this lad, who received some terrific backing from the combo.

Bottom Picture. . . The very attractive Neville Sisters with Mr. Versatility himself in the back-ground, Mr. Ted Komar.





Top Picture . . . A very soulful Miss Lucy Lastic serenades Don "Juan" Hambleton Touching, what! Yeh, Like Help!!!

Bottom Picture . . . Another shot of the lovely Misses Neville. Again with Ted Komar in the accompanying role. "Bud" McIntosh also to be seen.



Top Picture ; (from left). Howie Swan, bass; Bobby Meadows, clarinet; Roy Jenners, drums; Ted Komar, Maestro Bud McIntosh and piano-man Lloyd McDonald. A very pleasing Combo.

Bottom Picture ; Mr. Len Andree, in civvies, at the close of this very successful review, receives the thanks of all the boys here at the Mountain from ye olde editor, members of the band in the background.

★ All Star Hockey ★

D. Hambleton

To date the All Star team here at the Mountain, coached by Jack Stevens, and consisting of some very good hockey players, has not had much luck in their contests against outside competition. Of seven games, only one ended in a win for them. But I predict that they will come back in good style as they get more practice playing together.

Here in short is a resume of the games played up to the time of this writing.

The St. Boniface Seals were the first team to appear here this season. A power laden team with a lot of experience, they forever had their eyes on the Stars goal and were letting the puck fly into the net at every opportunity. The final score was 14-3 in favor of the Seals.

On Dec. 6th, a team from Sacred Hearts came out for a try at the Stars. Although they finally left the ice after the third period as the victors, they had a tough time earning it. The score here was 3-2 in favor of the visitors.

Tobans, a team well known here and always welcome, were the third team on the scene. This was a free scoring game with both sides going strong all the way. The Tobans went home after the game contented with a 10-9 win.

The Winnipig Transit made their appearance here on Dec. 20th. This was the last game of 1959, and it was a game the Stars would liked to have won, but they again were defeated, this time by a score of 6-3.

The All Stars finally got their first win of the season in the first game of the New Year. The visiting team was the Weston Lions. At the end of three periods of fast play, the Stars triumphed over the Lions, 6-3.

The R.C.A.F. won against the All Stars in a hard fought game. It wasn't until the third period that the Fliers won the game, as it had been tied since the start of the second period. The score was 2-1 for the Fliers.

The last team to appear here at the time of this writing was the Flying Frenchmen. And as the name implies, they were flying, all over the rink. This was one of the fastest skating teams I have ever seen. With the eye of a pro., every player was on the spot at the right time to foil the many attempts made by the All Stars to get their rush going. Although the Stars got by them for three goals the Frenchmen always came back roaring and at the end of the game they left the ice the winners. The final score being 9-3 in their favor.

We hope to give you a more detailed coverage of some of the games yet to be played. We will also give you a list of the leading scorers.

MERRY GO' ROUND

Tony Anthony

The merry go 'round goes 'rouud and 'round
And there in the front sits Satan the hound
He's holding the throttle and setting the speed
So come one and all, your help is in need
There's ton upon ton of coal on the way
And shovels to spare for those who will stray
There's broning red flames and hissing white steam
And, look you, now lads, at the molten rock streams
There's folk going 'bout with furry forked tails
And hark, one and all, to the shouts and the wails
They're coming from yonder, from rock 'n roll fans
Who are doing the rock on rolling hot cans
Hey, look over here, now isn't that great
It's nuclear tyrants gyrating in hate
They're hopping about on hopping hot coals
And seeking all over for cracks and for noles
And there, over there, there up on the shelf
It's Satan, alright, the devil himself
His tail is atwitch, his eyes are aspark
And he's playing the fiddle, as sweet as a lark
There's flames from his nostrils and smoke from his ears
He's laughing so much he's shedding hot tears
His music is wild, his music is sweet
And there's jumping all over and burning of feet
And down in the pits in rythm and beat
The shovels are clanging to build up the heat
The furry forked tails are lashing about
Shocking the sinners to beller and shout
The music, that music, it's straight out of hell
And who but old Satan could make it sound swell
From the fork in his tail to the horns on his head
He's twitching and jerking and glowing bright red
There's rocking and rolling, and jitterbug too
There's something for all, for you and for you
On the merry go 'round that goes 'round and 'round
And fast dissappears in a hole in the ground

RECIDIVISM

Judged 1st. prize in a recent essay contest, B. HORAN'S views on recidivism are short and to the point. Our thanks to MR. IRV. GRANGER for acting as the judge of all submitted works — ED.

Why do so many people return to jail once they have discovered what it is like? This is a subject I have read a great deal about in prison publications. I have also discussed the reasons for recidivism with those who should understand it most — the "repeaters". Being a repeater myself puts me in the same class and I must admit I have felt what the majority of repeaters feel,

"I wasn't given a chance, they fired me when they discovered my background, I couldn't find work so it was either steal or starve," are a few of the more common excuses. You can hear these same stories day in and day out and I'm not criticizing. How can I when I've felt a victim to the same circumstances. I still feel it is rationalization in the first degree.

I wouldn't be foolish enough to say these things never occur (believe me, they do) but the real cause for repeaters is much deeper. It lies within the man himself.

One of the most serious problems facing a man leaving prison is the attitude some people hold toward a man labeled "ex-con". There are still people who feel a criminal is accurately described on the late late show, but this group is decreasing fast, — thank God.

On the other hand, the group of inmates who feel all society is against them is as large today as it was years ago. When they leave prison they feel they have three strikes against them. It's this defeated attitude that leads them back to prison.

If the man feels he is beat before he starts, he's not likely to give it a try - or a half-hearted try at best. And who could blame him? A man in this frame of mind has to be shown that ALL society isn't against him. A few - - yes. All - - No.

He must come to realize before his release that he can be his own worst enemy and once he conquers himself, the rest won't be so hard. He must be prepared for a setback or two before the road becomes smooth.

I feel that a successful rehabilitation program must start by helping the man to realize what he will face upon release isn't going to be easy - but it isn't impossible. This period of education should start while he is serving his sentence and it should be made available to him after his release - when he needs and wants guidance the most.

It is not easy for a man to start life anew when he has only got ten dollars, a ticket to his place of capture, and a heart filled with bitter depression. The life of an "ex-con" isn't an easy row to hoe and it's foolish to claim otherwise. Much could be done to make his life an asset instead of a liability and I feel the most important thing is to help him realize before his release that all isn't lost. When the man gains confidence in himself, and his ability to do well, he has half the battle won. On the other hand, so long as we are leaving prison feeling we have three strikes against us, we'll be back again and again and again.

Indian Affairs

By Jim Elk

The Native Brotherhood is once again taking advantage of the heights of Stony Mountain and utilizing the brand new Hudson's Bay blanket that Santa brought along with the Instant-acceptum-Smoke, to send out greetings. To all the subscribers of the Mountain Echoes, the Warden and Staff, the staff of the Echoes and all the contributors to the Echoes the Best Wishes for a very prosperous New Year in 1960, and may all the riches of humanity in the year ahead be for you and yours.—J. Elk

Since September 1st, 1959, when the Native Brotherhood was first instituted here at Stony Mountain the progress of the group has been noted with a great deal of pride and sense of accomplishment by all who have lent their endeavors in its behalf. It has proved that the Indian, even under very adverse conditions and the tensions that are part of such places as a penitentiary, possesses the incentive to learn aggressively in the field of education and social studies. The members of this Brotherhood have felt that many of the complex problems that arise in the daily routine of their lives can be eradicated and that by discussion can over-come such obstacles which appeared to be unsurmountable in the past. To better the education of the Indian inmate the Group has formed an All-Indian school class with some twenty-two students.

The educative gradings possessed by these students ranges variously and nil. At the moment this group is divided into three classes (a) Beginners, (b) those with, and up to grade four, (c) and those with grade nine. Much credit must be given to Mr. D. W. and Mr. A. Shirliffe of the teaching staff who have given their every effort to make this endeavor successful. In the course of this class it has been the practice to employ our native tongues quite often as a medium of explanation but it is the wish of all the students to use the English language as much as possible also. Needless to say the results so far accomplished are beyond all expectations and the marked incentive of all the students is gratifying. Having shown such good results in only a short time in 1959 we trust that 1960 will see a further progress for the Native Brotherhood here at Stony Lonesome. To Rev. George W. McNeill D. D., who never again needs to carry the peace-pipe, may we extend our heartfelt thanks for his cooperation, and to the others, the speakers who have shown us their active interest by giving their time by coming in here; we extend the wish that the New Year will bring nothing but the very best and happiness to them and theirs.

Tuesday, January 5th. at a meeting of the Indian Brotherhood a debate was held resolving that; Reservations should be abolished. Present at this gathering as guests were Rev. G. McNeill D. D., J. Brian and Rolly Evans. Judges of the event were Mitch Herman, Fred Heaps and Ken Lieshman. The meeting was brought to order by W. Benning who introduced the speakers. Members of the team who favored a negative view to the abolishment of reservations were Chris Sinclair, Art Dorion and Simard. This team was judged the winning side in their debate and must be complimented for their efforts. The affirmative team was composed of "Moose" Severight, Eli Bunn and Jim Elk. I believe all who attended were quite impressed with the speakers and the topic, I had not expected

to see the aplomb and assurance that the speakers presented. Congratulations are in order for those who took part in this endeavor, it is a worthy one.



CUSTARDS LAST STAND

By "Richie" Richardson

PALEFACES 6 REDSKINS 6

The annual uprising of the Redskins here at the Mountain gave us a terrific hockey game when they deadlocked the Paleface team in a 6-6 tie. It was another battle of "Bull Run" with both teams skating fast and hitting hard. Overcoming a big 5-2 lead, the Redskins put on a tenacious display and came roaring back. Vince Marrese, in the Paleface nets, must have thought he was at another "Little Big Horn" with the number of shots the Redskins let go at him. The war-chief, "Short-side" Willie Benning and Head Medicine Man Bennett were the pick of the braves.

In the first period, McCooeye opened the scoring taking a pass from Condon. With only a minute having been played later Benning whipped home a pass from Bennett to dead-lock the score at the end of the first stanza.

The second period saw Benning put the tribe in the lead on a pass from Geo. Greene. The Palefaces immediately came roaring back to slap four in a row past Vivier in the Buck's cage. The scoring was; Lieshman from LaVictoire, McCooeye from Hutchinson, Hutchinson from McCooeye and "Ozark" Whiteley and finally Lieshman from Whitely. Nearing the final seconds of the second period George Greene tallied a marker on a pass from Willie Benning to put the Injuns within two goals of the Palefaces, and they skated off the ice leaving a 5-3 scoreboard.

The third and final period proved to be the best hockey we have watched this year here at the Mountain. It was highlighted by end to end rushes and very spectacular goaltending by Marrese in the Paleface nets. Opening the scoring for the Redskins was "Running Bear" Berryman, taking a pass from Benning and Severight. Widening the gap again was LaVictoire giving back the Whites their two goal bulge. Calling on "Big Medicine", Bennet then took charge and scored a pair of fast ones to tie up the old ball game. His first tally was made on a pass from Greene and less than a minute later he banged home a rebound of McLeans to deadlock the contest.

The Bucks turned on the pressure at thir point and stormed the wh'teman's nets but Marrese was adamant and the best the Redskins could do was accept a draw. It was definitely a very good game, certainly the best this writer has seen all season thus far. With the game over the peacepipes were brought out and all hostilities were called to an end, for another year at any rate. Referee Jack Chisholm called a very good game keeping both sides honest and happy, there-by, I might add, managing to axoid being the possessor of a Yul Brynner Special. And so, 'till next year, another fine contest goes into the record books.

HOCKEY

By "Richie" Richardson

BLACKHAWKS 7 LEAFS 2

The Hawks got on the win trail by stopping the luckless Leafs 7-2. The Leafs have made several trades during the last week and are now starting to form into a team.

For the Hawks, Gendron was the big gun with 2 goals and 2 assists, Roulette banged home a pair from his spot on the blue line and Ibey added a goal and 2 helpers to the cause. The other Hawk goals came from Mark and DesRosiers, with DesRosiers adding an assist to his total.

For the hapless Leafs Savage banged home Greens passout and Catagas finished off a play from Shearsmith

CANADIANS 3 WINGS 1

In the battle of the giants, the CANUCKS had to come from behind to edge the fired-up WINGS 3 - 1. Both Bevins and Vivier were sensational in the nets as they were both called upon to come up with many tough saves.

The WINGS opened the scoring midway through the first period as "Ozark" Whiteley scored on a pass from McLean on a clean breakaway. Georgie Mitchell tied the score early in the second, breaking in on Bevins alone. The CANADIANS went ahead in the third period when Richardson poked in a double relay from Jack Mitchell and Doug Derocher. George Mitchell scored his second goal of the game on a pass from Archie Berryman to put the CANUCKS out of reach.

This was a fast hard-hitting game that should be a natural the next time these two clubs meet.

BLACKHAWKS 5 CANADIANS 1

The BLACKHAWKS led by Chief "Short-Side" Benning, War Chief of the All-Stars, scalped the previously unbeaten CANADIANS 5-1. The HAWKS win now makes the league as even as can be, with three teams tied in first place with two win and one loss records.

In the scoring department it was Big Chief and Moe Marks leading the way for the HAWKS with two goals and one assist each. Koskie checked in with a goal and an assist to round out the HAWK scoring. For the CANUCKS, D. Derocher connected on a pass from Geo. Mitchell to ruin Paquins bid for a shut-out.

WINGS 8 LEAFS 3

The WINGS moved into a three way tie for first place by whipping the winless LEAFS 8-3. The LEAFS played with only seven players and made a gallant stand before running out of gas in the latter periods.

For the WINGS Baluk, Ironstand, and Smoke each had two goals and one assist. Whiteley and McLean picked up the other goals with Barker having a single assist and Meccas checking in with a pair of helpers.

Greene led the way for the LEAFS with one goal and two assists. Single goals were picked up by Catagas and Wesley, with O'Grady topping off the scoring with an assist.

WINGS 3 HAWKS 1

The WINGS held onto an early two goal lead to come through and set the HAWKS down to the tune of a 3 - 1 score. The HAWKS loss knocked them out of a first place tie and left them all alone in second spot.

Gagnon opened the scoring for the WINGS in the first period with a solo effort. Mike Baluk made it a two - nothing game in the second stanza when he beat Paquin to the draw in another solo effort. Stewart ruined Bevins bid for a shut-out when he drove home a pass from Ibey and put the HAWKS within a single goal of the WINGS. Ironstand put the game away for the WINGS, scoring on a break-away.

CANADIANS 8 LEAFS 4

The CANADIANS moved into a tie for first place in the league by whipping the luckless LEAFS, 8 - 4. It was a give and take game in the first period which ended in a two - two tie, but the CANUCK power began to show as they scored four unanswered goals in the second frame. Both teams added two goals apiece in the final period.

Severight led the CANADIANS with two goals and one assist, "Running Bear" Berryman potted a brace of tallies and Geo. Mitchell picked up a goal and two assists. The rest of the scoring was done by the defensemen; Leishman scored a goal and had an assist to his credit, LaVictoire and Richardson picked up a single each with Laycock getting one assist.

"Blackie" Gagnon led the LEAF scoring with two goals and one assist. Single markers were claimed by Wesley and Catagas. George Greene, playing very creditable hockey, came up with an assist. Smith, in the LEAF nets, played a bang-up game in his endeavor to turn back the hungry CANUCKS.

A NOTE OF THANKS

The members of the Inmate Welfare Committee wish to extend sincere thanks to Major E. M. Hills, President of the Shilo Curling Club, for the very generous donation of the much needed curling rocks. In the past two years curling has gained an ever increasing number of adherants here at the Mountain and it is only through such donations as was made by the Shilo Club that our curlers here have enjoyed such success. The Inmate curlers wish to express their thanks and assurances that the rocks will indeed be put to very good use.

PENAL ECHOETTES

D. Windsor

C.B. DIAMOND; Collins Bay, Ont.; It's not often that a member of a penal mag's staff shows his cynicism and bitterness in print, as one of your staff has done. In case you are mis-informed, an inmate, in prison, ALSO tries to forget and forgive in some small feeble way, during the Christmas season. Certainly Christmas is just another day to many of us, but deep down inside we still have that one tiny spark of spirit. Mr. Scrooge, I wished you would have omitted the "s" in the word "inmates" because I'm certain you can't possibly mean all inmates.

M.P. NEWS; Deer Lodge Mont. And there's only TWO of you? Taking everything into consideration, you are doing an excellant job. Personally, I can see a lot of promise for the future. Good Luck!

LANEDALE NEWSY NEWS; Rockwell City; How's that song by Johnny Cash? "Come In Stranger." Welcome back! I liked Sherry D's. "What Christmas Means To Me." Very nice indeed. In parting, I hope to see you around for awhile, now that you're on your feet again.

AGENDA; Walla Walla, Wash.; "Medicine In Prison" was one of the best written articles I have ever seen in a P. P. mag. The pictures and text gives the reader a clean insight into your hospital; It was very interesting. I must say though, in that picture of an operation, I was slightly "let down." Before reading the caption, I was expecting a brain or an eye operation. No criticism fellows; just a thought.

REVERSING FALLS REVIEW; Lancaster, N B. Would you people kindly warn us before sending out another "Whitty Wisdom." I mean, we'd like to be prepared. My sides are still a bit sore from laughing. "Don't just sit there - - - - WORRY." Migawd! And there's "COME IN . . . Everything else has gone wrong to-day." Cheerio, ole top.

KEYSTONE; Pittsburgh, Pa.; Just finished reading "Keystone Commentary." It's quite a column. Especially enjoyed "A Dozen Red Roses." Speaking of cats, fellows, I think we in The Mountain have the best "Cat-House" hereabouts. An old-timer, John, even had a steam radiator installed for their comfort. There must be at least two dozen, but only one of them "works." The rest are usually found howling in the dome or along the ranges - - - at 6:30 in the morning. I think we would miss them though, if a Tehachapi Incident" took place I think that was rather sadistic, myself

MONITOR; Thanks for the Christmas Card guys.

CENSUS

December 9 — January 25

High number	8011
Low number	4739
Recieved	19
Transferred In	1
Transferred Out	1
Discharged	16
Tickets-Of-Leave	11
Deported	0
Escapes	0
Deaths	0
Population	404

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